AN

ODE

To

Presented to the

KING,

Upon His Majesty's Arrival

AT

GREENWICH.

Quis Parthum paveat
——incolumi Cæsare? Horace.
In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet;
Semper honos, Nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt. Virgil.

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1714

GREENWICH

KING

ODE

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DREAD SIR,

I.

WHile Widow'd Nations Your Protection court,
And ask with joint Consent Your Great Support;
While *Britain*'s LAWS require Your Righteous (Reign,
And while Your Guardian Arms her LIBERTIES maintain;

II.

Vouchsafe t' accept the Tributary Lay
Th' Ambitious *Muse* does to her *Sov'reign* pay:
Her Grateful *Pæans*, Mighty *Monarch*, hear;
And to her soaring Song incline thy Royal Ear.

III.

Thrice Hail! *Propitious Prince!* ascend thy Throne,
In *Britain* make thy Regal Virtues known:

O let their Luſtre ſtrike our wond'ring Sight,
And gladden all the Land with their diffuſive Light.

IV.

At thy Acceſſion, Bleſt *Britannia* ſmiles,
And lifts her Head above her Siſter-*Iſles*:
A *Queen*, Superior in Triumphant Pride,
She gayly ſmiles again, tho' Gracious ANNA dy'd.

V.

At thy Approach, ſubſide her riſing Tears,
Check'd are her Griefs, and quieted her Fears.
Hark! thy glad Subjects joyful *Io's* ſing,
And ecchoing Skies reſound, *Our Father and Our King!*

VI.

Thou, *Sacred* GEORGE! each ſuppliant Vow wilt hear;
And readily accord thy People's Pray'r.
Tho' now Great *Stuart*'s Race exhauſted, ends,
Yet *Brunſwick*'s Mighty Line ſhall amply make amends.

VII.

See, the long Train of *Albion*'s *Nobles* come
T' attend their *Prince* in welcome Triumph Home.
Magnificence, and *Pomp* Imperial, wait
Around, and with Him march *Solemnity* and *State*.

Roll

VIII.

Roll ſoft, O *Thames*, thy gently-gliding Flood;
And from thy Bed view the *Vicegerent-God*.
The flowing **Leine* his *Maſter*'s Loſs deplores;
And ſad †*Onacra* ſighs to his forſaken Shores.

IX.

Hail, Queen of Cities! Hail, *Auguſta* bright!
Be, as thy Country's Pride, thy *King*'s Delight!
For Thee, He quits rich *Hanover*'s fair Seat;
And *Brunſwick*'s ancient Tow'rs ſo venerably Great.

X.

Be wiſe, Ye *Nations*, court *Britannia*'s LORD,
And dread his Thunder, and his Flaming Sword.
O *France*! let now thy leſſen'd *Lewis* own
Superior in the World are *Britain*'s *Monarchs* known.

XI.

Great GEORGE the Sceptre ſways! the pleaſing Sound,
Does from the Hills, and Vales, and Rocks rebound!
Such ſhining Scenes ſurpriſe the raptur'd *Muſe*,
She with a Tow'ring Flight the joyous Theme purſues.

XII.

Whether our Royal HERO's Boſom glows
To pour Deſtruction on his Country's Foes,

* *The Name of the River on which the City of* Hanover *is built.*
† *The City of* Brunſwick *ſtands on that River.*

To lead his *Britons* ardent to the War,
And with his own Right-hand to launch the pointed Spear;

XIII.

Or else, content to check his *Martial* Fires,
And the Big Thoughts the *Love* of *Arms* inspires,
He meditates to make his Realms renown'd
In happy *Arts* of *Peace*, with milder Glory crown'd;

XIV.

Still with unrival'd Splendor shall He shine;
And recreate our Eyes with Rays Divine:
Still shall the Warrior-Laurel shade his Brow;
Or verdant Olive-Wreaths Eternal Grace bestow.

XV.

But oh! permit the weary World to rest;
Nor let th' imprison'd *Furies* be releast!
Still let the Trumpet's Hostile Clangor cease;
Nor break with dire Alarms *Europa*'s downy Peace!

XVI.

Clos'd may the Gates of *Janus* still remain;
And whitest Years attend thy happy Reign.
May restless *Faction* quit our smiling Land,
Far may the *Demon* fly, nor tempt thy vengeful Hand.

FINIS.